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P O E M S

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS;

CHIEFLY WRITTEN AT

A VERY EARLY PERIOD OF LIFE.

BY A. M. ROE.



IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



Birmingham,

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POEMS,

P O E M S,

&c. &c.

TO A FRIEND,

WITH A SMALL PRESENT.

NO more let Friendship's placid brow
Disapprobation wear;
But by acceptance, kindly free,
The grateful bosom cheer.

Nor deem the proffer'd off'ring slight,
Soft Gratitude prepares;
Tho' mean the gift, its worth's enhanc'd,
Since Friendship's stamp it bears.

Could wealth but gratitude express,
 'Twould with fresh lustre shine;
 But to fulfil each friendly wish,
 The Indies must be mine.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

SAY, will you deign t' accept the verse,
 Devoid of ev'ry art,
 That e'er can raise th' applausive smile,
 Or Envy's sting impart.

Devoid of each alluring charm,
 Of elegance and ease;
 To Friendship's partial eye alone,
 Such numbers hope to please.

To hail, my Friend, your natal day,
 The trembling Muse aspires;
 Let candor veil presumpt'ous faults,
 Firm confidence inspires.

Oh, may each swift revolving year
 Fresh honors with it bring;
 And as the light-wing'd hours advance,
 Successive pleasures spring.

May fair promotion's laurel wreath
 Thy placid brow entwine;
 While Fame's shrill voice shall loud proclaim
 Those honors justly thine.

May Fortune's smiles thy steps attend,
 Nor e'er delusive prove;
 But ne'er may supercilious pride
 Thy steady soul e'er move.

Still may each look, serenely mild,
The feeling heart declare;
Prompt to relieve the woe-fraught pang,
And stop the flowing tear.

To quell oppression's lawless force,
Right those who suffer wrong;
To check fell sin "may truths divine
Come mended from thy tongue."

Still may thy soul, in virtue's cause,
Be emulously just;
Nor act insidious ever stain
Fair Honor's sacred trust.

And may thy works and worth survive,
Beyond this transient state;
Roll'd in the bright records of heav'n,
Just recompence await:

That when Death's awful mandate's sign'd,
 To call thee to the skies;
 Seraphic angels hail thy birth,
 To heav'ns immortal joys.

E'er this, the leaden hand of Death
 Will break Maria's lyre;
 Unstring calm friendship's tuneful chord,
 Nor more can joy inspire.

Ah, then recumbent o'er her bier,
 Whose grief there's none can tell;
 Thou'lt drop soft Pity's gentle tear,
 And sigh "my friend, farewell!"

"Farewell, Maria! hapless maid,
 Whom Love had taught to weep;
 Consign'd to dark oblivion's shade,
 May all thy errors sleep."

This requiem to my ashes paid,
 Hence all my sorrows cease ;
 My soul will then triumphant rise,
 To realms of endless peace.

ON A. B—— LEAVING W——.

TO W—— I late bent my course,
 But Oh! how revers'd was the scene ;
 Sweet Hope was bereft of its source
 The hedges disrob'd of their green.

No verdure the banks did adorn,
 The songsters were mute on the spray ;
 All nature like me was forlorn,
 Since Anna's remov'd far away.

I sought out the cot of my friend,
In hopes to obtain some relief;
But remembrance there did attend,
And discover'd the cause of my grief.

Soft Friendship I sought for in vain,
Its joys were not there to be found;
With Anna they're fled to the plain,
To scatter sweet blessings around.

To B—— I'll hasten away,
With rapture I'll visit each scene;
'There Friendship its charms will display,
Its joys that are ever serene.

ANSWER TO A CARD

FROM MR. W——D——D.

ACCEPT the best thanks of myself and my
friend,

Good Sir, for your kind invitation;
With pleasure the summons we mean to attend,
And with spirit enjoy the vacation.

With soft smiling content and candor that's
free,

And mirth we will join in alliance;
With the laugh-loving soul, so fam'd for his
glee,
To dulness we'll all bid defiance.

Forgive, my good Sir, the apparent neglect,

'Twas hurry debarr'd the attention ;

Much earlier we wish'd to pay our respect,

This eve it is quite our intention.

ON LEAVING AN AMIABLE AND MUCH ESTEEMED FAMILY.

DOWN! busy thought; nor thus present to view :

To this lov'd scene I soon must bid adieu.

This blest abode of harmony and love,

Where social mirth the passing hours improve :

Where genuine worth, and sentiment refin'd,

Still flows, spontaneous, from each feeling mind.

'Tis here politeness still unites with ease,

And each kind action shews the wish to please.

One gen'rous impulse actuates each breast,
 What one condemns is censur'd by the rest :
 What one approves the gen'ral voice still meets,
 And smiling concord each proposal greets.
 Like some clear stream, meand'ring as it flows,
 To each fair shrub its latent sweets disclose ;
 With richest verdure decks th' adjacent vales,
 With fragrant dews each humble flow'r regales.
 Thus blest this roof, where friendship's ever
 found,
 Whose heav'nly smile diffuses joy around.
 But soon, alas ! to all I bid farewell ;
 With what sensations words are weak to tell :
 Imagination oft will waft me here,
 To scenes fond mem'ry ever will hold dear.
 Ah, how can I pronounce the sad adieu,
 To friends sincere, affectionate and true.
 How swells my heart, with gratitude opprest,
 Too full for vent, yet cannot be supprest :

So overwhelm'd by kind attention shown,
 O'erpow'rs those feelings I would wish to own.
 Could I the anguish of my soul reveal,
 Or shew that love and gratitude I feel;
 Then should my muse once boast poetic fire,
 While thus on friendship's chord I strike the lyre.

ADDRESSED TO MRS. A——,

IN A SEVERE TRIAL.

SUPPRESS, my friend, that rising sigh;
 Restrain that starting tear;
 On providence I still rely,
 My innocence to clear.

Tho' malice hurls th' envenom'd dart,
 My flatt'ring hopes destroy;
 Its poison'd shafts reach not my heart,
 Nor yet my peace destroy.

An humble competencé my lot,
 Is all I ask of heav'n;
 Nor be those mercies e'er forgot,
 A bounteous God has giv'n.

For "Nature's real wants are few;
 A little will suffice:
 'Tis mine to make that little do,"
 When adverse storms arise.

'Tis by comparison alone,
 Life's fleeting joys we prize;
 Yet seldom by enjoyment shown,
 But in possession lies.

Insatiable our thirst for bliss,
 Thro' realms, o'er seas, we roam;
 Yet still the fleeting phantom miss,
 That rests secure at home.

ODE TO PEACE.

AH me! sweet Peace, say whither art thou
 fled?

Hast thou for ever left my tortur'd breast?
 No more thy gentle dew around me shed,
 Or sooth, with thy soft spells, my soul to rest.

Say, Goddess! say, in what far distant isle,
 In what sequester'd grove thou lov'st to dwell;
 Far, far I'd fly to meet thy heav'nly smile,
 And rest secure beneath thy moss-crown'd cell.

For me the anxious sigh would never heave,
 Tho' I to earth's remotest regions flee :

My country, friends, my kindred, all I'd leave,
 To be possess'd once more, sweet Peace, of
 thee.

Oft sad remembrance points to mental view,
 When blest with thee, bright Hope, each scene
 portray'd,

With blithesome steps did still thy paths
 pursue,

And hail'd thee Goddess of the flow'ry glade !

Then calm Indiff'rence clasp'd me in his arms,
 With joyous glee I met each sprightly morn ;
 For then my heart ne'er beat to Love's alarms,
 Nor for departed joys had learnt to mourn.

Swift fled each season, wing'd with calm delight,

(For ne'er misfortune could my soul dismay)
In softest slumbers pass'd th' oblivious night,
And sweet content still crown'd each closing
day.

Then smiling Spring in vernal beauties shone,
Each much lov'd scene gay Summer's liv'ry
wore;

Each sweet enchantment I could boast my own,
Nor thus, in tears, lost happiness deplore.

E'en fickle Autumn's ever varying scene,
Could, with each change, still some fresh joy
impart;

No love-lorn sighs disturb'd the calm serene,
That flows spontaneous from the youthful
heart.

Nor Winter's gloom could e'er bright Peace
obscure,

Tho' each impending cloud a deluge pours ;
Careless I view'd the storm, and smil'd secure,
For sweet Indiff'rence blest the social hours.

Alas! how sadly now revers'd the scene ;
Ah, what a change six waning moons have
wrought :

No ray of soothing hope can intervene,
Damon and love engross my ev'ry thought.

Oft through the hours ordain'd to calm re-
pose,

In silent grief I midnight vigils keep!
Nor once in sleep that sense of mis'ry lose,
I'm ever doom'd to bear and still must weep.

Perhaps exhausted nature sinks to rest;
 Sleep's gentle spells awhile my eyelids bind:
 Th' unfetter'd spirits, still by woe opprest,
 Display the visions of a tortur'd mind.

Spring's infant beauties now yield no delight,
 Nor Summer scenes, tho' deck'd with blooming
 flowers;

Autumnal fruits can now no more invite,
 Or social converse cheer the wintry hours.

No more the sprightly muse can aid afford,
 No more the tuneful Nine can joy inspire;
 Soft melancholy strikes each pensive chord,
 And Love unstrings the long-neglected lyre.

Cease, gentle Cupid, to exert thy pow'r;
 Allay this sick'ning anguish in my soul:
 Oh! grant me, heav'n, the cool, reflective hour;
 This raging tumult in my breast controul.

Teach me each fond emotion to suppress;
 To quell these rising sighs and gushing tears;
 Nor thus, in woe, that form more deep impress,
 That ev'ry fold within my bosom bears.

Teach me the arduous lesson to forget,
 Heart-felt endearments of attentive love;
 Those hours of bliss resign without regret,
 Moments of joy I never more must prove.

Come, meek-eyed Patience, sooth my troubled
 breast;

'Tis thou alone my wearied soul canst cheer:
 Teach me those ills that cannot be redrest,
 I may, at least, with calmness learn to bear.

Fly swift, O Time, and with oblivious wing
 Eclipse bright Fancy's oft-recurring rays,
 Till faithful Mem'ry fail to point the sting,
 And grief be lost in songs of endless praise.

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. MR. ———.

FRIEND of my infant years, forgive the muse,
 Prompt by soft Gratitude to plume her wings;
 The bold intrusion Friendship will excuse,
 And deign to listen while the flutt'rer sings,

On Friendship's chord again I strike the lyre;
 Tho' oft my heart has bled at thy fair shrine:
 Blest theme, that did my youthful mind inspire,
 In artless lays t' invoke the tuneful Nine.

But, ah! how few thy sacred influ'nce feel,
 And fewer still thy gen'rous joys can boast;
 For genuine worth stern custom bids conceal,
 And native virtues in cold form are lost.

How oft we see fair Friendship made a prey
 To each insensible, designing knave ;
 Whose ranc'rous heart with envy must survey
 Each action of the daring, good and brave.

Some grov'ling souls there are, of sordid earth,
 Whose narrow minds the soft affections hate ;
 And with insidious arts destroy that worth
 They want the virtue e'er to emulate.

And some there are, compos'd of heav'nly mould,
 Whose gen'rous breasts with friendship's joys
 expand ;

The social bliss, impress'd on ev'ry fold,
 Its blessings scatters with a lib'ral hand.

But should the blast of chilling, cold neglect,
 Transpierce the heart where friendship's
 warmth prevails ;

What anxious hours of sickening regret,
The delicately feeling mind assails.

Perhaps, unconscious of the least offence,
The timid soul in secret anguish mourns ;
No clue can find t' unravel the suspence,
But from conjectures vague incessant turns.

How blest are those, beyond the common state,
To whom kind heav'n has giv'n a faithful
friend ;

Whose counsels smooth the rugged paths of
fate,

Whose lives, whose sentiments and passions
blend.

Whose steady minds no adverse storms can
move ;

“For friendship pure no cold medium knows ;”

Each ardent soul no sep'rate joy can prove,
"Glow with one love, with one resentment
glows."

O'er me, fair Friendship, still thy banners
spread;

Thou source of ev'ry heart-felt joy divine;
Around my heart thy sacred influ'nce shed,
And claim a soul that would be wholly thine.

Once more, fair Goddess, there erect thy
throne;

With thy bright beams irradiate my mind,
Some kindred breast responsive feelings own,
' And Fortune's frowns I ne'er shall deem unkind.

WRITTEN ON VIEWING A TREE
WITHOUT LEAVES.

TRUE emblem of Fortune, thy glories all fade,
Thy honours lie scatter'd in dust;
No longer the songster enjoys thy cool shade,
No longer thy covert can trust.

Ah! such is my fate, I exclaim'd, with a sigh;
Such the pitiless part I endure:
The shafts of ingratitude wound as they fly,
Too deep for reflection to cure.

Envelop'd in grief's impenetrable gloom,
Of hope's blooming foliage despoil'd;
Ere the mild dews of Spring o'er me shed their
bloom,
Misfortune soft rapture beguil'd.

Forsaken of friends when of fortune bereft,
Dejected I'm left still to mourn ;
The departure of joys my soul robs of rest ;
Departed ! ah, ne'er to return.

For no more can soft Spring those pleasures
renew,
Enchanted I once call'd my own ;
Which like the past hours are all lost to my
view,
And, like them, for ever are flown.

To restore thy lost joys, vegetation's mild
pow'rs,
Unlock'd by the influence of Spring,
Their efforts unite, to renew those blest hours,
When birds on thy branches shall sing.

For me not a gleam of sweet peace now re-
mains,

Save what from yon tomb I descry ;
'Tis the passport to bliss, where happiness
reigns,
And sorrow no more can annoy.

In the prospect is hope, speed ye hours of woe ;
Oh, hasten the much-wish'd decline ;
When life's gentle current has ceased to flow,
A ray intellectual will shine.

ADDRESSED TO MASTER PHILLIPS,
ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

MANY returns of this blest day,

Dear boy, may'st thou enjoy ;

Nor fell disease, nor cank'ring care,

Those blooming hopes destroy ;

'That now thy youthful bosom warms,

With expectation's glow ;

Elate with all the fancied bliss,

From innocence can flow.

Ne'er may false pleasure's tempting bait

Corrupt thy youthful mind ;

Nor in the gay career of vice,

Happiness hope to find.

But still may virtue's placid rules

Entwine around thy heart ;

So shall the cool, reflective hour,

Substantial joys impart.

May calm content and smiling peace,

Sweet boy, be ever thine ;

And may thy soul with ardor strive,

In learning's paths to shine.

For sure the youth (whate'er his birth,

Or flatt'ring Fortune give)

Who long neglects instruction's lore,

Despis'd will ever live.

Then Eskricke rouse, attention pay

To Learning's sacred page ;

The laurels that in youth thou gain'st,

Shall brighter bloom in age.

So shall thy wish'd improvement give
Pleasures that ne'er can cloy;
Shall raise the fond maternal bliss,
Thy father's rapt'rous joy.

And still may Sol's enliv'ning beams
Bright homage ever pay;
And thus in smiles auspicious rise
To hail thy natal day.

CUPID'S

CUPID'S REVENGE.

/

LONG time had Cupid strove to wound
Maria's playful heart;
He oft took aim, but still she found
Some means to shun the dart.

2

One day he saw her in the grove,
Amintor by her side;
“My utmost pow'r you now shall prove,
Too scornful nymph,” he cried.

4

He took his aim, the dart he threw,
And laughing said, “Beware!”
That shaft, not destin'd to pursue,
Wide spent its force in air.

Swiftly another dart he drew,
And strung his bow again;
She caught the arrow as it flew,
And snapt it short in twain.

“Nay, never frown, malicious elf!
'Tis I have cause to lour;
As easy 'tis to wound thyself,
As make me own thy pow'r.”

Thus spoke the nymph, while quick disdain
Sat sparkling in her eye;
“I laugh at all thy efforts vain;
Thy strongest force defy.

“Take back thy dart and quit the field,
No more my peace assail;
While calm Indiff'rence grants her shield,
Thy arts can ne'er prevail.”

f
Enrag'd, the God gave up the aim,
But vow'd, in vengeful ire,
That in her breast he'd raise a flame,
Should but with life expire.

In city and in hamlet still
He try'd his utmost art ;
In both could boast of matchless skill,
To wound the female heart.

In secret long he watch'd the fair,
To catch th' unguarded hour ;
Till Hope, o'ersadow'd by Despair,
Began to doubt his pow'r.

“ What, shall my bow be thus defy'd?
My darts no longer felt?
Aid me, ye Gods, he weeping cry'd,
This stubborn heart to melt.

His mother heard; and smiling said,

“Alone no more pursue;

Gain but Apollo to your aid,

The nymph you'll soon subdue.

“To Damon's cot entice the fair,

There oft his godship reigns;

The tuneful Nine there too repair,

To join the festive strains.

“Secret as night be your design;

Maria, well you know,

Is vot'ry at the God's fair shrine

From whence her pleasures flow.

“The muses too she sometimes courts,

In humble, simplest lay;

And to their haunts she oft resorts,

To drive dull care away.



“Then take your stand in Damon’s eyes,
That shine serenely bright,
The nymph thus taken by surprise
Will have no thought of flight.

“Ah then, my son, observe your time,
Mark well the soft’ning hour,
(When Wit and Music both combine)
To make her own your pow’r.”



Thus with due care the plot was laid;
Each hint too well improv’d;
And e’er suspicion seiz’d the maid,
She found, alas, she lov’d.



’Twas long e’er she the treach’ry found,
Conceal’d in Friendship’s garb;
Nor thought sly Cupid e’er could wound,
Or fix the pois’nous barb.

Too late, alas, she felt the smart,
 And strug'ling with the pain,
 Oft times essay'd to draw the dart,
 But always try'd in vain.

Once more she strove, the arrow broke,
 Deep rank'ling in her breast:
 Malicious Cupid saw and spoke:—
 “Who now, my Friend's, the jest?

“Too long you have my pow'r defy'd;
 'Twas sweet revenge took aim,
 To conquer both your scornful pride,
 And to redeem my fame.”

“True,” she reply'd, with panting breath,
 But see yon op'ning grave;
 More welcome far the shades of death
 Than live of Love the slave.”

ON SEEING A ROSE THE SECOND
WEEK IN DECEMBER.

CHILD of the laughing hours, dear lovely rose,
Ah why to chilling blasts thy sweets disclose,
This boist'rous elemental conflict dare,
And with thy fragrance scent th' ambient air;
With smiling aspect Winter's storms defy;
Undaunted meet the bleak inclement sky?
Behold, yon storm each rolling cloud unfurls;
With spear-like darts too sure destruction hurls.
Yet still thou bloom'st, with conscious pride elate,
To meet unruffled each event of fate.
Sweet moralist, who thus with front serene,
Canst view each change of this still varying scene;
Review'st each hostile blast with unconcern;
From thee, fair flower, I fortitude would learn: .

With equal calmness meet each adverse storm,
 That oft bright intellectual scenes deform ;
 Serenely view the hurricanes of life,
 And smile contempt on boist'rous sons of strife.
 With resignation blunt the pointed dart,
 Misfortune aims at my devoted heart ;
 With prostrate patience kiss affliction's rod ;
 Submissive bow, and own the Almighty God,
 Whose power supreme denotes Omnipotence ;
 By various means does various gifts dispense.
 All ruling Providence disposes all
 The links of fate on this terrestrial ball :
 Hence, then, no more my murm'ring soul repine,
 But to thy Maker's will thy own resign ;
 Content to live, as his decrees ordain,
 Or die, well pleas'd, once more sweet peace to
 gain.

ADDRESSED TO MRS. D——.

YOU tell me, my Friend, I ought to forget
The swain who has rob'd me of rest;
No more his fond vows thus sighing regret,
But the tyrant expel from my breast.

In theory oft an ease there appears,
Which in practice is lost to our view.
My weakness I often betray by my tears;
Yet, weeping, my passion renew.

But quite to forget must bury all thought,
And half my existence destroy;
Demolish the web fond fancy had wrought,
Of moments devoted to joy.

Tho' sad the remembrance, and blended with
 pain,

'Tis all that of bliss I can boast ;

In the regions of mem'ry seek to regain

Those joys that for ever are lost.

'Tis thus the poor linnet, when rob'd of her
 young,

Hovers still o'er the scene of past joys ;

The branches ne'er quits, but to woe tunes her
 song,

Till time fond rememb'rance destroys.

Then urge me no more so fruitless a task,

For vain ev'ry effort must prove :

This privilege grant, 'tis all that I ask,

In silence to cherish my love.

SUPPOSED REFLECTIONS OF MR. O—R,
ON THE UNHAPPY CONFINEMENT OF HIS SON,
FOR SHOOTING MR. W——D.

AND does this feeble lamp of life
Still hold its glimm'ring flame,
Amidst this agonizing strife
Of sorrow, grief, and shame.

Hard is the lot which is assign'd,
Thus Nature's shock to brave ;
Nor yet from mis'ry can I find
A refuge in the grave.

“ Evil and few have been the days”
I've trod this mortal stage,
And now no more can Hope's bright rays
Gild my declining age.

But this in woe so far exceeds

Each common cause of grief,
Recorded stands in horror's deeds,
And mocks each vain relief.

Frail Nature now can ill withstand,
For time has shed his snows,
When fate fills up, with lib'ral hand,
This measure of my woes.

Rash youth, what dæmon could inspire
Thy mind with passion's flame,
Presumptuous thus in vengeful ire
The fatal blow to aim?

Sure reason must have left her throne;
It was not done in hate.
Oh! give me then my hapless son,
To shield him from his fate!

What! clasp a murd'rer to my breast!

And in that murd'rer find

A son on whom fond Hope could rest,

When grief assail'd the mind?

Just heav'n! and must his country's laws

Condemn a life so dear!

The thought my soul to madness draws,

And checks the bursting tear.

What dreadful agonizing woe

Now wrings my tortur'd heart;

None but a father's feelings know,

A father's cares impart.

So the rash deed with horror teems,

Its pangs can never cease;

So great the load of mis'ry seems,

It never can increase.

Thou, Pow'r supreme! great God alone!

Forgive each wild offence;

For reason totters on her throne;

Disturb'd is ev'ry sense.

The common ills of life I'd bear,

Nor at my lot repine;

But this is torture most severe,

Where grief and shame combine.

Oh! such accumulated woes

Compel the mind to rave;

And bring these winter shedding snows,

With sorrow to the grave.

For thee, rash youth! on whom fond Hope

Had fixt her highest aim;

No more bright Fancy forms the group

That leads to wealth or fame.

May deep repentance now engage
Each fleeting hour of time;
By prayer and penitence assuage
The horrors of thy crime.

May faith all passions now controul,
Thy crying sins efface.—
Lord, to thy mercy take his soul!
O grant thy pard'ning grace!

HOPE

HOPE.

ADDRESSED TO MRS. C. A——.

HAIL, Hope! sweet soother of the woe-fraught
mind;

'Tis thine to smooth the rugged scenes of life,
And strew with ever-blooming sweets benign,
The toilsome path. Without thy cheering aid,
Stern Sorrow's child could ne'er support the rod
Oppression hurls on the defenceless head.

'Tis thine to pierce misfortune's dismal gloom,
Dispel soul-harrowing mists of dark despair,
And ope a prospect to the realms of bliss.
The tremb'ling wretch, whose mind's surcharg'd
with guilt,
By thy soft influ'nce seeks a pard'ning God;
To pour his soul in penitence and pray'r.

When fond affection weeps at Friendship's tomb,
 O'erwhelm'd with grief and sickening despair,
 'Tis then thy pow'r the mystic clouds disperse,
 And points a passage to that distant shore,
 Where virt'ous souls their wish'd re-union hail,
 To never-fading scénes of endless joy.
 Ah, but for thee, how would the plighted pair,
 In silken fetters bound by mutual love,
 Ever support the intervening age
 (For in Love's calendar a day's an age)
 Of absense, that prudential motives urge;
 T' ensure the first great wish of lib'ral minds,
 An independent lot of competence and ease.
 Thou, too, my friend, oft feel'st the cherub's pow'r,
 When soft maternal throes thy bosom heave,
 As round thou casts the tearful, anxious eye,
 Upon the infant train. Ah, then what pray'rs
 Involuntary rise to balmy Hope,

When apprehension strikes the timid mind,
And fond conjecture views the future scenes
Of busy, active life.—

Nor deem the hapless wight too thoughtless gay,
Who once has basked in Fortune's sunny gleam,
Now strives to blunt Adversity's sharp sting,
In fancy's fairy maze, and gives the reins
To wild Imagination's aerial flight,
In playful fictions of delusive dreams ;
That serve to check the oft recurring thought
Of what deceitful Fortune promised once.

ADDRESSED

ADDRESSED TO MASTER G. PHILLIPS,
ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

LET poets tune their lyres to fame,
Duncan's heroic deeds proclaim,
His great exploits rehearse;
Far humbler themes my thoughts inspire,
Nor can I boast poetic fire,
To grace my artless verse.

For thee, dear boy, the muses sing,
Their simple off'ring wish to bring,
To hail thy natal day;
More welcome to a parent's heart,
Than all that flowing words impart,
Or eloquence convey.

May those bright virtues, now conceal'd,
 With radiant splendor be reveal'd,
 Improv'd by fleeting time;
 That sense which now in embryo lies,
 Yet often strikes us with surprise,
 In fullest lustre shine.

May dawning reason succour find,
 And with its pow'rs enlarge thy mind,
 And still improve thy heart;
 May Truth's celestial banner shield
 Thy soul from fraud, nor ever yield
 To sin's empoison'd dart.

May calm content and smiling peace,
 As with thy years thy joys increase,
 And call bright virtue forth;
 Long may each fond parental heart,
 With rapt'rous transport bear a part,
 To hail thy happy birth.

May health its blooming honours shed,
 Diffuse its blessings round thy head,
 With animating ray;
 In kind remembrance bear the friend,
 Whose fond affection here has penn'd
 This tributary lay.

TO THE MEMORY OF A MUCH-
 ESTEEMED FRIEND.

AND is th' irrevocable mandate giv'n,
 That frees thy soul from earth's encumb'ring ties?
 Th' unfetter'd spirit wings its flight to heav'n,
 Soaring aloft above th' envelop'd skies.

Fain would the muse her friendly off'ring bring,
 But grief sincere forbids the weak essay;
 In vain she tries to raise her drooping wing,
 The tribute of a grateful heart to pay.

Yet must those virtues unlamented die,
 That erst were wont to warm thy gen'rous breast?
 That strove to wipe the tear from Sorrow's eye,
 With lib'ral hand to succour the distress.

Forbid it, Gratitude's celestial fire,
 That cheers the heart with Friendship's sacred
 glow;

Each thought forbid that social joys inspire,
 And forms the bliss of mortal man below.

Could my weak muse the glorious height attain,
 Thy worth to rescue from the silent grave;
 Then should thy name eternal honor gain,
 And time and death with bold defiance brave.

Prompt to relieve e'er prudence learnt to scan,
 In virtue's race thy soul could never pause ;
 Sweet Pity bloom'd ere dark distrust began,
 And suff'ring merit prov'd sufficient cause.

When dire misfortune sunk my heart with grief,
 Thy anxious soul my sad retreat explor'd ;
 While Friendship's pow'r administer'd relief,
 Soft sympathy my hapless lot deplor'd.

Ah, ne'er can I forget the rising tear
 That sparkled pity in thy manly eye,
 When to my griefs, attention lent an ear,
 And in thy breast oft rais'd the mutual sigh.

That such accumulated early woes
 Must still the gnawing worm of grief endure ;
 Vain all relief the feeling heart bestows,
 'Tis time alone such mis'ries e'er can cure.

Each aid that soft humanity could give,
Thy gen'rous soul was anxious to impart;
With soothing voice, bid smiling Hope survive
The racking tortures of my woe-fraught heart.

'Tis past! no more my murm'ring soul complain,
No more give way to selfish tears and sighs;
Tho' great our loss 'tis his eternal gain,
The bright fruition of immortal joys.

ODE TO MEMORY.

HAIL, Memory! bright intellectual source
 Of happiness; divine, pierian spring
 Of ev'ry noble, elegant pursuit,
 'Tis thee I hail, the fountain-head of pure
 And rational enjoyment. What varied scenes
 Of bliss and woe, from thee promiscuous rise;
 Along the teneb'rous path of rugged life,
 Intricate maze! And thou, my muse, I hail!
 Sweet solace of each solitary hour,
 Oh! deign thy genuine influence to shed,
 Around thy vot'ry's head: a beam divine
 Impart, of thy celestial radiance,
 To grace my song. O come, and with thee bring
 Imagination's offspring, Fancy gay,
 In all her wild spontan'ous charms array'd,

For in this field there's ample scope to range.
 Theme inexhausted of retentive minds,
 For ever springing and for ever full;
 Like the redundant banks of fruitful Nile,
 That scatters blessings wheresoe'er it flows.
 Oh, Memory! thou fairest gift of heav'n,
 Repository rich in wisdom's lore,
 I owe thee much. All that of joy I feel
 Springs solely from thy mental source divine;
 From thy deep storehouse oft delighted bring
 Treasures both new and old. When sad I sit
 Amidst the joyous circle, where gay mirth
 And smiling wit their social revels keep,
 To me uncheering all; the prompt reply,
 The keen retort, that oft is wont to set
 The table in a roar, to me affords
 No mirth, yields no delight, since Heav'n's de-
 cree

Ordain'd the deprivation of that sense*,
 Thro' which the dulcet strains of harmony
 Were to the soul convey'd with swelling joy,
 Now source of deep regret. But chief my lot
 To mourn the loss of social converse sweet,
 The key to ev'ry lib'ral, gen'rous thought,
 That flows spontaneous from th' expansive soul,
 With energetic lustre bright, where calm
 Unspotted virtue reigns. And much I feel
 The loss of public admonition, now
 So long deny'd to my enquiring soul.
 Where language pure, and elegance of thought,
 Such as a Moss, through his instructive page,
 Pours out harmonious from his polished pen;
 The sacred text explores, and renders Truth
 Sublime, sublimer still, by well fraught speech,
 And soft persuasive eloquence, to rouse

* The author has the misfortune of being deaf.

The thoughtless mind, and from the giddy maze
 Of Dissipation's wild career redeem
 A soul immortal: point the path that leads
 Repentant sinners up to Calvary's mount,
 Where Love divine and Mercy ever flows!
 Thus one bright source of knowledge is debarr'd.
 But cease, my muse, nor let a murm'ring thought
 Of discontent prevail, or vainly mourn
 O'er one defective sense, when all the rest
 So perfect are preserv'd; rather to Heav'n
 Let my soul ascend, with heartfelt incense
 Of a grateful praise, for other blessings
 Still possess'd, of higher value and more
 Intrinsic worth esteem'd than mines of gold.
 For say, had Wisdom Infinite ordain'd
 The obstruction of the visual ray,
 And in perpetual shades of night enclos'd
 My soul, Ah me! what scenes delightful then

Had been deny'd, that now strike rapture on
 The quick perceptive sense, till wonder's lost
 In admiration of the efficient Cause;
 And leads the ravish'd contemplative mind
 Thro' the stupendous chain of Nature's work
 To Nature's God, omnipotent, supreme.
 Then lost to me had been each native charm
 That decks the sylvan scene, and oft inspires
 The Muse to chaunt her artless lay, in praise
 Of rising hill, of gay enamel'd meads,
 Of deep embow'ring woods, whose grateful shade,
 Impervious to the sultry beams of noon,
 Affords a calm retreat, sacred to Love
 And Contemplation pure. Ah, then to me
 Yon glorious orb of day had shed his bright
 Resplendent rays in vain! and thou, fair moon!
 Queen regent of the silent night, on whose
 Refulgent beams I've oft with rapture gaz'd.

When with Evander's friendly converse blest,
 Together mark'd her course majestic through
 The vaulted skies. 'Twas then his ardent soul
 Astonishment express'd, and wild amaze,
 That reas'ning pow'rs could ever disbelieve
 The existence of a God. "View but this scene,
 Yon luminary that triumphant rides
 Along the ethereal plains, amidst
 Ten thousand glitt'ring stars of silent night,
 Whose radiance only serves more to reflect
 The clear expanse of heav'ns wide canopy.
 Behold that murky cloud, pensile in air,
 With envious shades o'ercasts the beauteous scene,
 And with its curling vapours oft conceals
 Fair Luna's splendid rays, and leaves the world
 In darkness drear and solemn. Drear as those
 Discordant souls, by tow'ring pride misled,
 And veil'd with prejudice, benighted lose

The sacred path of truth, and sink o'erwhelm'd
 In error's maze, intricate and perplex'd;
 Boldly presumpt'ous dare ascribe to chance
 The grand machin'ry of this moving ball,
 With all yon host of heav'nly bodies bright,
 Whose swift-revolving motions loud proclaim
 Their Architect divine, in pow'r supreme."

Here ceas'd Evander: but th' expressive eye,
 Still upward rais'd, admiring rapture spoke,
 And meek adoring praise. Swift thro' my soul,
 With sympathetic force, bright transport ran.
 The soft infection fir'd my mental pow'rs
 With heav'n born Gratitude's congenial flame,
 High wrought, and adoration pure, to that
 All-gracious Providence, who first gave,
 And who in bounteous fulness still preserves,
 The rapture-giving sense of sight divine!
 Thro' which blest channel higher zest is given

To ev'ry gay delight of flatt'ring life's
Delusive scenes ; enhances ev'ry charm
Luxuriant Nature lavishly bestows ;
Or in the teeming earth, or vaulted sky,
Omnipotence attracts th' attentive gaze.
Nor is fair Nature's ample book display'd
The only joy this soul-enliv'ning sense
Partakes : this favor'd gift of bounteous heav'n,
That justly due pre-eminence demands
O'er each inferior sense ; without which
Other enjoyments but imperfect seem.
A more exalted blessing still remains
Unsung, concenter'd in the visual nerve
Perfective. But for this, th' enlight'ning rays
Of science thro' my soul had never shone ;
Nor e'er the enveloping mists dispers'd
Of dark beclouded ignorance and pride.
For nought but ignorance can ever rear

The crest of overweening vanity.
 Blest vehicle to Learning's pleasing page,
 Replete with revelation's sacred lore,
 Where knowledge and instruction both unite
 To mend the heart or rectify the will;
 Unruly passions bend to reason's sway,
 And emulate the mind to virt'ous deeds;
 Points out the path to elegance of thought,
 And sentiment refin'd, where fancy soars
 Aloft, along th' illuminated page,
 With nervous wing in glowing colours bright;
 While judgment culls th' intellectual feast,
 With choicest viands grac'd, luxuriant
 And flowing eloquence, in copious streams
 The mental banquet crowns.
 These! Oh my soul, are bount'ous blessings, all
 Deriv'd from inexhausted source divine
 Of goodness infinite, whose property

Alone it is to give and not receive;
 Exclusive privilege to favor'd man,
 Whose reas'ning pow'rs can such enjoyments
 please ;
 Worthy pursuits of an immortal mind.
 And this it is that gives th' attractive charm,
 Oh, Memory ! that constitutes thy worth,
 And stamps with hoary time's indelible seal
 The soft impression of fair virtue's rules,
 Inculcated with reason's early dawn.
 Depriv'd of this inestimable gift,
 Ah, what a barren waste had been my heart,
 Or only fertile in th' obnoxious weeds
 Of ignorance, of vanity and pride.
 Blest be the mem'ry of the honor'd pair
 Whose fond parental care and anxious love,
 Still watch'd each op'ning of my infant mind ;
 While circumspection mark'd bright reason's dawn,

And with assiduous hand the casket stor'd
 With fair instruction's ever sparkling gems :
 Nor thro' mistaken fondness ever let
 Unruly passions bear tyrannic sway ;
 But in the bud still crush'd each low propense,
 That headstrong fancy prompts to lead astray
 Th' inexperienc'd mind of thoughtless youth.
 Yet with such judgment the correction plann'd,
 The tender admonition never check'd
 The animating spark, divine and fair,
 Of soul-invigorating emulation.
 Accept, blest shades ! this tributary lay
 Of heart-felt praise, due to exalted worth,
 That shone conspicuous in your checquer'd lives,
 So oft by keen adversity assail'd ;
 And in affliction's fire your minds refin'd,
 From vain fallacious dreams of earthly bliss,
 To fix them on immortal joys divine,

That shine for ever permanently bright.
 Long could the muse, with fond remembrance dwell
 On each blest action of parental love ;
 When quick improvement spoke th' attentive
 mind,
 The tribute claim'd of emulative praise,
 Ah, then what sudden joy triumphant sat
 Upon their open brow, and mantl'd o'er
 Their glowing cheeks ; the thrilling transport
 thro'
 Their bosoms ran ; the swelling tide of bliss
 High rose, glistening in each tearful eye,
 With speechless rapture, and applausive smiles,
 Far more expressive of parental love
 Than all the flowing eloquence of words !
 And far more grateful to my youthful heart
 Than all the bright rewards of glitt'ring gold.
 May fond remembrance still those virtues bear,

And ever dwell inshrined within my breast.
 There too, to filial love an altar raise,
 Whose daily incense shall to Heav'n ascend
 In over-flowings of a grateful praise,
 For those blest hours of harmony and peace,
 When fleeting time on pleasure's smoothest wings
 Still hail'd the morn, and crown'd each closing
 day.

Ah, then no anxious fears disturb'd my breast,
 Nor had the sting of disappointment keen
 E'er rankled in my heart, now fraught with woe.

No more! Oh cease my muse to strike the chord
 Of slumb'ring recollection, or to raise
 The spectres of departed joys far fled,
 Whose visionary forms can only show
 The bliss that once was mine, the fatal source

From whence my poignant sorrows flow, and
 where
 Even Memory's worth must fail to charm.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. W— W—B,
 . STAFFORDSHIRE.

“ Here the wicked cease from troubling ;

“ Here the weary are at rest.”

'TIS past! the agonizing pang is o'er
 That sever'd life's attenuated thread.
 Tho' weeping friends shall long thy loss deplore,
 Celestial honours beam around thy head.

In thee was form'd the noblest work of God ;
 Firm as a rock, and just in all thy ways :
 Thy manly breast was sacred truth's abode,
 Nor e'er could envy's darts obstruct her rays.

Each fraudulent act thy gen'rous soul disdain'd ;
 'Twas thine to check oppression's lawless force.
 No art insidious e'er thy honour stain'd ;
 Bright and reflective flow'd the radiant course.

In ev'ry duty still thy worth's confest ;
 Each soft affection round thy heart entwin'd ;
 Parental fondness warm'd thy glowing breast,
 And but with life the anxious wish resign'd.

Conjugal ties thy soul as sacred view'd ;
 To thy lov'd partner still was known each
 thought ;
 Revolving years connubial joys renew'd,
 And in each other's bliss their own was sought.

As master kind, as friend still most sincere;
 Misfortune ever claim'd thy gen'rous aid:
 'Twas thine to stop keen misery's bitter tear,
 And bid sweet hope the woe-fraught heart pervade.

Such was the man through life's tenebr'ous scene;
 Now view the christian on the bed of death:
 The awful mandate met with soul serene,
 And with calm confidence resign'd his breath.

No longer, then, my Friends, your loss deplore;
 Ah, cease those fruitless unavailing sighs;
 In mental view traverse the heav'nly shore,
 Where, on Faith's pinions, see him soaring rise.

ON THE DELUGE.

ARISE, my Muse, and take a nobler flight;
 No more on puerile subjects waste thy song,
 But soar aloft on fancy's tow'ring steep;
 Replume thy wings with energetic force,
 And sing the horrors of a delug'd world.
 But say, from whence arose th' afflictive doom?
 From what dire cause such dire effects first sprung?
 My trembling muse the question would evade,
 But rigid justice bears impartial sway;
 Tho' my own sex's crimes should tinge my cheek
 With glowing blushes of a Tyrian dye,
 The muse shall still declare the sex's arts——
 Fair blandishments and fascinating wiles
 Seduc'd the sons of God from wisdom's path;
 Taught them his word to scorn, and set at nought

The great Jehovah's laws, plung'd them in wild
Idolatry, and all its host of crimes.

Ah, then, fond youth, beware the wanton's smiles,
The gay alluring softness of her air,
The magic music of her syren tongue,
And the long train of lurking ills beneath,
That to perdition lead, to woe and death.
Thus, deep immers'd in wretchedness and guilt,
And overwhelming pride, creation groans,
With raging lust and foul rebellious throes,
That stalks triumphant thro' the wide expanse,
With daring front and arrogant disdain;
Whilst Infidelity erects her crest
Against the high behests of Pow'r Supreme,
And calls forth vengeance on a guilty race.
The great Omnipotent, with awful voice,
And grand display of his tremendous power,
Thus spake.—

“ My spirit shall not always strive with man,
 Whose flesh is grass, but whose every thought,
 And whose imaginations of the heart
 Are only prone continually to ill.
 Long have I borne with this apostate race,
 Who mercies, calls and warnings disregarded;
 Insulted majesty no longer bears;
 The end of all mankind is now before me.
 But yet a remnant I will still preserve,
 My former gracious promise to fulfil,
 That woman’s seed shall bruise the serpent’s head,
 And from eternal woe redeem lost man.”
 For this great end was righteous Noah call’d,
 A just and perfect man, who walk’d with God
 Amidst an evil and corrupted world;
 In whose most highly-favor’d race was made
 The promise of redemption to fall’n man.
 To him the awful mandate was reveal’d,

That echo'd death thro' heav'ns high-vaulted arch,
And with amazement fill'd th' angelic choir.

He spake! "The end of all men is now come!

The earth is fill'd with violence thro' sin,

And I, ev'n I, reluctant will destroy it;

And ev'ry thing that is therein shall die.

But yet with thee my covenant I'll make;

Provide thyself an ark of Gopher wood,

Compact and firm, and spacious, and secure

Against the water's inundating force.

For thee, thy wife and righteous progeny,

And of ev'ry living thing a pair:

Fowls of each species that now soar aloft,

Or cut the yielding air with pendant wing.

Of beasts, from the bold lion's savage race,

That scorns the desert woods with foaming rage,

To the meek, emblematic lamb of bliss.

Nor must the reptile tribe be yet forgot,

That to the vacant mind may useless seem,
 But to the well-taught philosophic soul
 Teem as blest antidotes to num'rous ills ;
 And for each species its own proper food,
 By Nature's simple laws ordain'd.
 In silent awe, but firm enduring faith,
 The holy patriarch heard the task assign'd ;
 In solemn thought he view'd the vast high-wrought
 Design, that in such mercy was display'd
 To him, and to his highly favor'd race.
 Stupendous work ! Can it be e'er perform'd ?
 For human skill inadequate must prove,
 So great, so vast the undertaking seems.
 And shall the structure then be incomplete ?
 By faith were righteous Noah's doubts dispell'd,
 Faith was the anchor that preserv'd the Ark
 Amidst the ruin of a drowning world ;

And shall not He, whose all-creative voice
 First out of chaos call'd this pendant ball;
 In undulating aether still secures,
 Surrounded by the rage of swelling seas——
 Shall He e'er suffer his decrees to fail?
 Ah no! was not th' Almighty fiat giv'n,
 And shall not Pow'r Supreme some aid impart
 On earth his gracious purpose to fulfil;
 The Architect Divine his orders gave;
 Issu'd his mandate with progressive skill;
 Unerring, unperplex'd with human pride.
 But ah, what tongue can speak, what pen des-
 cribe

The varying passions of the holy seer,
 As his mysterious work he still pursu'd;
 Surrounded by the idolatrous prophane,
 Amidst the scoffs of a deriding world.
 Firm to his hopes, in vain each weak essay

To bend the settled purpose of his soul.
 With energy impressive he intreats,
 Exhorts, reprovcs, denounces judgments dire,
 That to such flagrant crimes are ever due.
 But, ah ! so harden'd are they in their sins,
 He only seems to them as one that mocks.
 At nought they set each awful warning giv'n ;
 Contemptuous disregard alone prevails.
 Yet still unmov'd he felt the bold insults ;
 For who e'er trusted in Jehovah's word
 And was dismay'd ? Can his all-pow'rful arm
 E'er leave his faithful servant to his foes,
 Expos'd to all the vile assaults of sin,
 And machinations of their fiendlike souls ?
 Will he not his long-promis'd word fulfil ?
 Mercy and judgment ever must prevail——
 In silence sink each self-enquiring thought.
 With what parental tenderness and care

He watches o'er the highly favor'd race ;
 And as the dread appointed time draws near
 The heav'nly monitor again repeats
 The awful warning given, to be prepar'd,
 For yet sev'n days—and vengeance shall com-
 mence.

Behold the ark of mercy's now complete ;
 Come, thou, and all that unto thee belong,
 Nor doubt my word, nor fear surrounding waves,
 For I, even I, am thy preserving God.
 With reverential awe and pious fear
 The righteous Noah this command obey'd ;
 But how was e'er the wild selected herd
 To be conven'd ; reason, nor instinct prompt
 Them to obey ; how shall the wolf e'er dwell
 With the meek inoffensive lamb ; or how
 The leopard lie down with the harmless kid ?
 Tamely will they submit to be confin'd

Within so narrow, circumscrib'd a space,
 Since the fell ravages of sin destroy'd
 The barriers of innocence and love.
 What Heav'n ordains firm confidence inspires ;
 Behold again subjected unto man
 The whole creation bows, as to its Lord,
 Yielding submissive to his guiding hand.
 All seek a refuge from th' impending storm,
 While Noah casts a tender, ling'ring look
 On those excluded from the sacred ark.
 Prompt by soft pity's sympathizing force,
 He breath'd a mental pray'r for their escape,
 Tho' faith that pray'r condemn'd and hope dis-
 own'd;
 Irrevocably fix'd their awful doom,
 And intercession now must plead in vain.
 Absorb'd in sin they let the day of grace
 Unheeded pass, nor took the warning giv'n ;

The door of mercy's shut, and hope's no more.
Quick the vibration ran through Noah's breast ;
What muse can e'er describe the feelings there ;
What strong sensations wrung his struggling soul !
Sensations varying as an April sky,
Or vivid lightning's intermittent flash ;
As quick obscur'd by the surrounding gloom.
Doubtless, among the unrelenting world,
Were many tender ties that kindred claims ;
Tho' uncongenial in Friendship's bond,
Yet ev'ry good man soft compassion feels,
For all the lost, afflicted human race ;
As one connected chain that forms the whole,
Of which each individual is a link,
In the great scale of frail created dust.
How poignant then must his reflections be,
On the wild havoc of the raging storm ;
That into ruin hurls the teeming earth,

With all its gay inhabitants so fair,
 And like the faithless vision of the night,
 Leaves not a wreck behind.

Tho' much griev'd for the apostate race,
 Inévitably sunk in endless night,
 Unerring Faith must own the sentence just;
 And Gratitude again his heart expands.
 Deeply revolving in his wond'ring mind,
 The dark decrees of his mysterious fate;
 And tho' fair Hope his trembling soul sustains
 On Faith's firm basis, yet his finite reason
 Cannot Omnipotent designs search out,
 But is by hope and fear alternate sway'd,
 As thought, propelling, each event portrays.
 Oft as he view'd th' expansive watry waste,
 And as in wild astonishment he feels
 The rolling motion of the briny deep——
 For should the ark, that blest asylum, prove

Unequal to resist th' engulfing wave;
 Ah, then, annihilation must succeed,
 To all the human race. And how can then
 The great Almighty Fiat be obey'd?
 Again bright Faith triumphantly prevail'd,
 And hush'd to silence ev'ry doubting thought.

If such the fears that righteous Noah felt,
 Under the guidance of Omnipotence;
 What anguish must th' apostate race endure,
 Left to the horrors of a delug'd world!
 When heav'n its sacred windows open'd wide,
 And fountains of the deep were broken up,
 Incessant torrents swell the boist'rous flood,
 And dire destruction's yawning gulph expands.
 Ah! what imagination e'er can paint,
 What energy of thought can e'er describe,
 The consternation that o'er all prevails?
 "Confusion reigns and wild uproar's broke loose!"

What terror-stricken throbs each heart assail,
 As with the frenzied rolling eye they view
 The inevitable tremendous doom.

In writhing anguish each fond mother clasps
 To her rack'd bosom, her expiring babes!
 The bridal wife around her husband clings,
 In speechless agony and dire dismay!

Here plighted lovers, clasp'd in fond embrace,
 Abhorrent turn from the encircling wave,
 And seek a respite in a fruitless flight!

The hoary head from youth demands support,
 While youth on manhood for protection calls.
 Parents from children now their aid implore,
 And children from their sires a refuge claim.

Hope's flaming meteor oft emits a ray,
 Amid the horror-overwhelming gloom,
 As they a temporary refuge seek
 Among the deep encavern'd rocky cliffs;

Or on some cloud-aspiring mountain's steep,
 Or tow'ring fir, precipitately climb,
 T' elude the roaring wave's impetuous grasp.
 But all in vain, fallacious ev'ry aid—
 Earth's flood-gates open'd wide no force with-
 stands;

The foaming billows' unresisted sway
 Breaks ev'ry mound, each barrier destroys,
 And in the dread abyss ingulphs the world.
 Ah, turn my muse from the terrific scene,
 At which hope sickens and despair presides;
 With mental view behold the holy saint,
 Within the sacred ark, still safe upborne
 Along the surgy waste, from danger free;
 While pray'r and praise his dreary hours employ;
 Tho' oft by doubtful apprehension sway'd,
 As dire suspense his gloomy lot o'ercasts.
 But when the just decrees of pow'r supreme

Were all fulfill'd upon the apostate race,
Behold, Omnipotence, with awful voice,
Again the heav'nly mandate issues forth,
And bids the impetuous waves "be still."
The roaring billows cradle in his hand,
And to his oozy bed confines the deep.
Once more bright Sol's enliv'ning rays arise,
From the fair portals of the saffron'd east;
Disperse the misty gloom of darkling night,
Whose shades impervious so long had hid
Creation's blooming sweets. With rapt'rous joy,
And meek adoring praise, the pious saint
The orient stranger hail'd; when first he felt
The warm diffusive ray run thro' his veins,
With soul-invigorating essence pure.
But still more rapt'rous joy his heart expands,
When first he finds the undulating wave
Its rolling motion cease, and on firm land

Once more the sacred vessel rests secure.
Impatient of delay, he sends abroad
The harmless dove t' explore the ravag'd earth,
If aught of vegetation reappear'd.
The gentle messenger, with hope inspir'd,
Her ardent search essay'd; with weary'd wing
She travers'd many a billowy league
In unavailing flight, nor yet could find
A resting place, to crown her toilsome search.
Spent with fatigue, the sacred ark she seeks,
That blest asylum of the breathing world;
The patriarch his friendly hand extends,
His voyager aerial to receive;
Tho' damp'd his hopes of reappearing land.
Yet seven days in dire suspense he waits
(Suspense how irksome to his active mind,
Fraught with the ardent wish again to view
Replenish'd earth's revivifying sweets)

Then gently summons forth his faithful dove,
 And bids her for a second flight prepare;
 Again t' explore if ought of verdure crown'd
 The desolated earth's receding gloom.
 Obedient to the high behest of Heaven,
 Once more she plumes her wings, her breast ex-
 pands,
 And trusts her flexile pinions to the gale,
 Upon her sacred errand sole intent.
 Nor was it vain; fruition crown'd her flight;
 Lo! in her mouth an olive-leaf she bore,
 Blest emblem of returning peace and love,
 And harbinger of earth's reviving bloom.
 With gratitude sublime, high-wrought and pure,
 The holy seer his faithful herald hails,
 In silent joy; for vain each effort proves,
 To give his lab'ring thought expression's tongue.
 Yet seven other days more patient waits,

For rising hope illumines th' impervious gloom,
 And bids imagination's glowing tints
 The Arcadian, golden age pourtray,
 And sin no more his dire dominion hold.
 Once more he sends again his gentle dove :——
 Alas, it prov'd a last and farewell flight.
 For lur'd by gentle zephyrs' fragrant breath,
 And renovated earth's renewed sweets,
 With softest verdure crown'd, no more she sought
 With haste the sacred ark's once shelt'ring roof.
 Thus, tho' her farewell flight earth's bloom por-
 tends,
 With patient hope the holy patriarch waits
 High heav'n's divine permission to emerge.
 Nor did he long in expectation wait;
 For lo ! th' Almighty's word is ever sure ;
 Immutable, thro' ages firmly fixt :
 For God remember'd Noah and his race,

And with a Father's tender love commands
 The debarkation of the chosen few,
 And all the num'rous herd with them inclos'd.
 But ah! what joy could ever equal theirs!
 What glowing rapture fill'd each breast; as still
 With wild astonishment they view'd each scene,
 In Summer's gayest liv'ry clad: each hill
 With blooming foliage crown'd; each verdant
 mead

In Flora's choicest vestments drest, and all
 Th' enamell'd plain with earth's gay stars be-
 deck'd*.

But soon their wild astonishment subsides,
 And rises to devotion's nobler flame.
 With pious love, and gratitude sublime,
 An altar to Omnipotence they raise:
 In prostrate awe, with holy rev'rence fill'd,

* Hervey calls daisies, stars of the earth.

They offer incense of true heart-felt praise,
 To that great Pow'r who out of nothing call'd
 The grand machin'ry of this moving orb;
 Which, when by sin destroy'd, by the same pow'r
 Supreme, renew'd in all its gayest charms!
 Swift to the Throne of Grace the holy flame
 Ascends effusious, blest of Love divine,
 And far more grateful to Jehovah's pow'r
 Than all the study'd ornaments of speech.
 An awful silence for a while prevails——
 When lo! th' Almighty voice in thunder speaks,
 "Behold! the incense of my pious saints
 To heav'n's high vaulted throne ascends!
 More sweet their praise than all the rich perfumes,
 Wafted from Arabia's spicy coast.
 And for this righteous act no more will I
 E'er curse the ground, for sinful erring man.
 For the imagination of his heart

Is evil from his youth. Nor ever more
 Smite every living thing, as I have done :
 But while the earth's foundations firmly stand,
 Seed-time and harvest never more shall fail,
 And cold and heat their proper seasons know :
 Summer and winter just succession keep,
 And day and night's rotation never cease.
 My blessings ever shall on man attend :
 Behold with him my covenant I make,
 And with his seed till time shall be no more ;
 With ev'ry living thing that moves on earth.
 Nor shall all flesh be cut off any more
 By the devouring waters of a flood ;
 Nor shall the earth by waters be destroy'd. ●
 Behold, I in the cloud my bow will set,
 As token of a covenant of peace
 Betwixt the world and me till time shall end :
 And as its gay resplendent colours shine,

So shall my blessings still be multiply'd.
And when in future time the rains descend,
And clouds roll o'er the earth and tempests roar,
My Covenant I will remember still,
And set my bow within the vap'ry mist,
An everlasting bond of peace and love,
Betwixt Jehovah and created dust;
That when the tearful luminary shines
In heav'n's high-vaulted arch, frail man may still
With confidence the beauteous stranger hail,
With songs of grateful praise and endless joy.

FRAGMENTS.

FRAGMENTS.

ON LEAVING ———.

YES, to these scenes I soon must bid farewell!
 Each rising hill and close embow'ring dell.
 Leave all that fond remembrance can endear,
 T' indulge the swelling sigh and flowing tear;
 No more in pleasure seek to hide my grief,
 Extorted mirth can never give relief.
 Bereft of all——No more, my soul, complain!
 Reveal no more the cause of all thy pain.
 For say, can change of scene remove th' em-
 poison'd dart,

That rankles deep within my woe-fraught breast !
 Can pleasure's voice one soothing ray of hope im-
 part,
 Or soft oblivion lull my soul to rest.

ADDRESSED TO MISS A. C. B——.

'TIS past ! the pang of parting now is o'er ;
 Gay life's delusive scenes can charm no more :
 Bereft of peace, of all that joy inspires,
 Enslav'd by passion, scorch'd by love's keen
 fires,
 No more I boast calm independent joys,
 Tyrannic Love my heart-felt peace destroys ;
 Like some poor trav'ler wreck'd on foreign coast,
 Escap'd from death, but not one hope to boast ;
 Your's be the share of happiness I've lost.

ADDRESSED TO MISS E. C. B——.

FORGIVE! dear girl, the absence of my mind,
Its feelings yet I never could conceal;
Neither unsocial deem me nor unkind,
The cause is anguish I must ne'er reveal.
Let soft compassion warm thy youthful breast,
Nor rashly thus condemn a friend sincere;
With anxious cares my spirits sink depress'd,
No more can mirth my woe-fraught bosom cheer.
Far from my heart vivacity is fled;
Ah, ne'er can I expect its fond return;
Grief's cypress wreath entwines around my head,
Nor while I've life can I e'er cease to mourn.
No more upbraid the anguish of a soul,
Misfortune wounds too deep for mental rest;

Could I the passions of my breast controul,
My face in smiles should ever more be drest.

MARIA,

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND ON HIS
MARRIAGE.

AUSPICIOUS may the joyful morn arise,
Aurora's brightness deck the vaulted skies,
Each mist dispers'd, bright Sol refulgent shine,
And smile propitious on the rite divine.
May Hymen's torch burn with resplendent ray,
And mutual blessings crown the nuptial day ;
May you be blest with all that Heav'n can give,
In health and fond affection long to live.

May no harsh jars disturb domestic peace,
But each successive year your joys increase;
May soft forbearance mutual love express,
Honest confession trifling faults redress:
Should greater rise let candour draw the veil,
O'er that frail lot humanity must feel.
Still may affection with your years advance,
Relieve each pain, and ev'ry joy enhance.
May heav'nly blessings on your heads descend,
And calm content thro' life your steps attend.

COMPOSED

COMPOSED DURING A SLEEPLESS
NIGHT, WHEN ILL,

AND ADDRESSED TO MISS S. B —.

WHEN absent from all we hold dear,
In vain we invoke balmy rest ;
Distracted by hope and by fear,
What anguish invades the fond breast.
When suspense, with her tort'ring sting,
Envelopes the slow passing hours,
No joys from soft intercourse spring,
But distrust o'er affection oft low'rs.
In vain festive pleasure allures,
No ease social mirth can impart ;
When the bosom keen anguish endures,
Gay joy but embitters the smart.

Ah, whence is this sick'ning delay?
 Why swells my full breast with its woes?
 Affection my Sarah must sway,
 To a heart that with fondness o'erflows.
 Has illness with chast'ning hand,
 Enfeebled thy soul-cheering powers?
 Or has pleasure's enliv'ning band
 Beguiled the swift-footed hours?
 Conjecture is lost in a maze,
 Bewilder'd in thought's gloomy train;
 Reflection no comfort conveys,
 Or the mystery serves to explain.
 But cease, my sad muse, to complain,
 On hope's firmest anchor recline;
 My Sarah will faithful remain,
 Till time shall its powers resign.

MARIA.

WRITTEN WHEN THE ONLY SUR-
VIVING PARENT OF THE
AUTHOR WAS ILL OF A FEVER.

TO Thee, great God of endless light,
Oh! let my pray'r ascend;
The refuge of the fatherless,
The widow's constant friend.

Lo! where, beneath thy chast'ning hand
A widow'd parent lies;
Oh! God support her feeble frame,
Oh! hear our ardent cries.

To Thee alone we look for aid,
Whose sov'reign pow'r can save;
Arrest the hand of tyrant death,
Oh! snatch her from the grave.

Check the dire rage of fell disease,
 Her tort'ring pains remove;
 Bless with success the healing art—
 Thy mercy let us prove.

For oh! my God, bereft am I
 Of ev'ry earthly friend;
 Whose counsel e'er could guide my youth,
 Or kind assistance lend.

Save this lov'd parent, now reclin'd
 Beneath death's threat'ning dart;
 Oh, God! avert th' impending blow,
 Thy gracious aid impart.

Relieve my harrass'd sick'ning soul,
 By anxious fears deprest;
 Illume my mind with Hope's bright ray,
 And sooth those fears to rest.

Early the child of adverse fate,
Misfortune's storms to brave:
This last support of earthly bliss,
Oh! rescue from the grave.

But if her death is now decreed,
My mind with firmness arm;
And, oh! support on Faith's strong wings,
Her fleeting soul from harm.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN THE MORNING AFTER THE
PUBLICATION OF MY POEMS
WAS RECOMMENDED.

BLESS me what a bustle, commotion and hurry
This scheme has occasion'd, I'm all in a flurry.
What, publish my works, and in print to appear !
And to gain, by my wits, one hundred pounds
clear !

That's five pounds per year, let what will come
of it ;

Who'd think that my brains could yield such a
profit ?

I thought them quite crack'd, I fear this will
show it,

For who will believe I was e'er born a poet ?

Of that, I confess, I myself am not clear ;
 The badge of that order I certainly wear :
 But whether the muses my crying inspir'd,
 With tropes and with figures my fancy then fir'd ;
 My organs then set, like the musical chimes,
 To utter my wants in well measur'd rhymes——
 How all this might be, I must own, with regret,
 Tho' a thing of importance, I fairly forget.
 This only I know, tho' the critics may quibble,
 E'er I well learnt my letters, was prompted to
 scribble:

And long e'er reflection had taught me to think,
 Dame Fancy did prompt me to dabble in ink.
 Oft times thro' my mind a poetical ray
 Has darted its beams and enliven'd my lay ;
 From Apollo I've often solicited aid,
 Tho' too weak my petition the God to persuade :
 Not a jot of his eloquence e'er would impart,
 Or the mind to improve, or to soften the heart.

Thus repuls'd and perplex'd I resolve to resign
 All further pretensions, and give up the de-
 sign;

No more court the muses, but bid bold defiance
 To them and Apollo, and all their alliance.
 But no sooner does Spring enliven the scene,
 Than broke is my vow, tho' by Styx it had been.
 The beauties of nature imagination then fires,
 Each hill and each valley glowing fancy inspires;
 In spite of reflection, let what will betide,
 I Pegasus mount, resolv'd on a ride.
 Tho' toilsome the way and unruly my steed,
 Whose gambols and pranks oft my progress im-
 pede;

Yet no ways dishearten'd, my sport I pursue,
 O'er briars and brambles, the goal still in view.
 But, ah! when Parnassus I eager would mount,
 Its perils and dangers I ne'er thought to count;

So steep the ascent, and so rugged the way,
 My fears in alarm, and my heart in dismay.
 Yet resolv'd, in my mind, the summit to gain,
 I Pegasus spur, the fond wish to obtain;
 Unus'd to such treatment, his soul is on fire,
 He suddenly plunges—I sink in the mire:—
 My hopes are all blasted, presumption is o'er,
 I fall like the stars, alas! ne'er to rise more.—
 Ye critics have mercy, some lenity show,
 Nor triumph o'er one that is fallen so low.

FINIS.







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